A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in *France*.

Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,

Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.

Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Qu. Windie attturnies to your client woes,
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſerie
Let them haue ſcope, though what
Helpe not at all, yet doe they eaſe t

Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide
And in the breath of bitter words,
My damned ſonne, which thy two
I heare his drum, be copious in exc

Enter King Richard marchin and Trumpet

King. Who intercepts my expe

Dut. A ſhe, that might haue int
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed
From all the ſlaughters wretch, tha

Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead
Where ſhould be grauen, if that rig
The ſlaughter of the Prince that o
And the dire death of my two ſonn
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where

Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, whe
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sc

Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riu*

King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike
Let not the heauens heare theſe te
Raile on the Lords annointed. *Stri*
Either be patient, and intreat me fa
Or with the clamorous report of w
Thus will I drowne your exclamat

Dut. Art thou my ſonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my fath

Dut. Then patiently heare my

King. Madam I haue a touch o
Which cannot brooke the accent

Dut. I will be milde and gentle

King. And briefe good mother

Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and

King. And came I not at laſt to

Dut. No by the holy roode tho
Thou camſt on earth, to make the

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